

Alanfon. Froyfard, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Oliners* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
It fendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose,
They had such courage and audacitie?

Charles. Let's leaue this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll teare downe, then forsake the Siege.
Reignier. I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Deuice
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:
By my consent, wee'll euen let them alone.

Alanfon. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleance.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphyn? I haue newes
for him.

Dolph. Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs.
Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appall'd.
Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,
Ordained is to rase this tedious Siege,
And driue the English forth the bounds of France:
The Spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleeue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.

Dolph. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dolphyn in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we found what skill she hath.

Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reignier. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these won-
drous feats?

Puzel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphyn? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer seene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.

Reignier. She takes vpon her brauely at first dash.

Puzel. Dolphyn, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate,
Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deign'd to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Maicstie,
Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In compleat Glory shee reueal'd her selfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.

Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer vnpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolph. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes,
Onely this prooffe Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in S. *Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman,
Puzel. And while I liue, Ile ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight, and Ioane Puzel ouercomes.
Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of *Deborah*.

Puzel. Christs Mother helpe me, else I were too
weake.

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must helpe me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy seruant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphyn sueth to thee thus.

Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Love,
For my Profession's sacred from aboue:
When I haue chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate
Thrall.

Reignier. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

Alanfon. Doubtlesse he shriues this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

Reignier. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no
meane?

Alanfon. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reignier. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?
Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?

Puzel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.

Dolph. What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'll fight
it out.

Puzel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge,
This night the Siege assuredly Ile rase:
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I haue entred into these Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that prouid insulting Ship,
Which *Cesar* and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
Nor yet S. *Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus*, false downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worship thee enough?

Alanfon. Leaue off delayes, and let vs rase the
Siege.

Reignier. Wo.

Reignier. Woman, do what thou canst to saue our honors,
Driue them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.
Dolph. Presently wee'll try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if shee prauise false. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloster, with his Seruing-men.

Gloster. I am come to suruey the Tower this day;
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conueyance:
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloster* that calls.

1. *Warder.* Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?
Gloster. 1. *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.

2. *Warder.* Who ere he be, you may not be let in.
1. *Man.* Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1. *Warder.* The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.

Gloster. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:

Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?

Gloster men rush at the Tower Gates, and *Woodville*
the Lieutenant speaks within.

Woodville. What noyse is this? what Traytors haue
wee here?

Gloster. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.

Woodville. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:

From him I haue expresse commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Gloster. Faint-hearted *Woodville*, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughtie Prelate,

Whom *Henry* our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:

Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.
Seruing-men. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,

Or wee'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates *Winchester*
and his men in Tawney Coates.

Winchester. How now ambitious *Vmpeir*, what meanes
this?

Gloster. Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be
shut out?

Winch. I doe, thou most vsurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.

Gloster. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contriued'st to murder our dead Lord,

Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be *Damascus*, be thou curst *Cain*,

To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.
Gloster. I will not slay thee, but Ile driue thee back:

Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile vse, to carry thee out of this place.

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I beare thee to thy
face.

Gloster. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,

Blew Coats to Tawny Coats, Priest, beware your Beard,
I meane to tuggle it, and to cuffe you soundly.

Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:

In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.
Winch. *Gloster*, thou wilt answer this before the
Pope.

Gloster. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them flay?
Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here *Glosters* men beat out the Cardinalls men,
and enter in the burly-burly the Maior
of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.

Gloster. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vse.

Winch. Here's *Gloster*, a Foe to Citizens,
One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace,
O're-charging your free Purfes with large Fines;
That seekes to ouerthrow Religion,
Because he is Protector of the Realme;
And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne him selfe King, and suppress the Prince.

Gloster. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.
Here they skirmish againe.

Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst, cry:
All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,

against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command
you, in his Highnesse Name, to repaire to your seuerall dwell-
ling places, and not to weare, handle, or vse any Sword, Wea-
pon, or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death.

Gloster. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall meer, and breake our minds at large.

Winch. *Gloster*, wee'll meet to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.

Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill.

Gloster. Maior farewell: thou doo'st but what thou
may'st.

Winch. Abominable *Gloster*, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long. *Exeunt.*

Maior. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these Nobles should such stomachs beare,

I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and
his Boy.

M. Gunner. Sir, ha, thou know'st how Orleance is besieg'd,
And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne.

Boy. Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,
How e're vnfortunate, I mis'd my ayme.

M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,

Something I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes espys haue informed me,

How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,

In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,
And thence discouer, how with most aduantage

They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault.
To intercept this inconuenience,

A Peece of Ordnance gainst it I haue plac'd,
And